DEATHLY ROSE

A Girl's Girl

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First Edition

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Printed in the United States of America

Don't be a pick me girl; that's fucking gross.

Content Warnings

I've written some real sick shit before, but this one takes the cake. If you are easily offended by anything listed below, I highly recommend reading something else.

Sexual assault, torture, murder, gore, bodily fluids, mental health struggles, cannibalism, mention of suicide, and mentions of sexual violence towards minors.

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FILL ME UP

"RELAX, JAKE. I need to make sure your entire length is severed evenly," I say, gripping the bastard's engorged dick.

Jake squirms under me despite the restraints keeping him in place on the bed. Sweat trickles down his forehead with each movement, allowing some of the salty liquid to coat the ball gag and his lips.

"You're sick!" Jake's coworker shouts.

I break my concentration from slicing the appendage and meet the other male's gaze. Rob. His overweight body is strapped to a metal chair, providing him the perfect view of the gruesome show I'm eager to put on.

"Did you hear that, Jake?" I ask my victim, flashing a devilish grin. "I'm sick . . . which means you're screwed."

The neon-pink glow of my mask reflects off Jake's icy blue eyes as he scans the room, desperately searching for anything or anyone to come to his rescue. Unfortunately for him, this is the area he and his friend Rob prepared for tomorrow's red room broadcast. So no one is expected to be here while me and my girls provide our own show.

"The viewers are eating this up, Bianca!" Camila says into my earpiece.

"I'm just getting started, darling," I respond.

While I'm getting my hands dirty with filthy scum like these two, Camila is at our headquarters managing the live stream. She's my lifelong best friend and a ridiculously talented hacker. Alongside our best friend Jess, the three of us created a safe space for women, or anyone who's been violated by men, to view our live streams.

I grab Jake's dick near the tip and continue slicing through skin and muscle at the base. The screams that escape his gag are music to my ears. Gore pools on Jake's pelvis and slides down to the white silk sheets, staining the material with his disgusting essence.

Let me get one thing straight. I don't feel guilty or morally bad for what I do. If it wasn't for my team, someone innocent would be dying on this bed because of Jake or some other sick fuck running their operation. All I'm doing is serving justice.

With a final slice, the appendage is free. This would be a tad more difficult if the piece of shit wasn't hard, but thankfully, with the help of pills provided by Jess, Jake has been stiff as a rock despite the mutilation. I reach behind to the back pocket of my jeans and pull out a condom.

Safety first, I think to myself.

I make quick work of sliding the latex over the severed penis as it begins to soften. Once the useless meat is covered, I insert Jake's sorry excuse of an appendage inside my soaked cunt. A splash of euphoria builds at my core before scattering throughout my body.

"What the fuck is wrong with you!?" Rob questions.

I snap my attention to him, slightly agitated that the fucker is pulling me away from pure bliss. Instead of answering, fearing further conversation will ruin this special moment, I fling the blade at Rob. The sharp object impales his forehead, snapping his head back. It takes several moments for Rob to hoist himself up, giving me a perfect view of the delicious gore seeping out of his wound.

I concentrate on Rob's bloodcurdling screams and Jake's groans as a mental lubricant to reel me back onto the task at hand. Each shriek wraps itself onto my skin, pushing me closer to climax. Despite the softness of Jake's appendage, I push it in and out of me while my free hand rummages through his mutilated groin. The poor bastard squirms and pleads with all the energy he can muster.

"Please cry more," I say. "The woman you two wanted to star in your sick little snuff film is currently watching."

We were lucky enough to find the intended victim before it was too late. It took some convincing and explaining to get her to believe a group of men had targeted her. Once we showed the irrefutable evidence, the floodgates opened. She's had a painful history of sexual assault and eagerly agreed to watch the livestream.

It only takes a few more thrusts of Jake's severed dick for me to finish. A breathless moan escapes my lips as I shudder. My muscles relax, allowing the appendage to slip out of my cunt.

"All right," I chuckle. "Let's get to work, boys!"

Before I continue, I will reiterate that I don't believe what I'm doing is wrong. These mindless fucks operate as if half of their brain is filled with cum. If a man is able to rape, mutilate, and murder someone just for the thrill of it, then so can I. The difference is I'm not committing these acts on innocent people.

I hoist myself off Jake and amble over to the tray of torture devices they so gracefully set up for me. Since both of my test subjects are screaming for death to snatch them away, I'll be generous and speed up the process. I decide on the power drill and make my way back to Jake.

"Hey, Camila, can you play something for this special moment?" I ask.

"You got it," she responds through the earpiece.

Seconds later, "Daisy" by Ashnikko blares through the speakers installed in the room.

"Great choice, lovely," I say.

I situate myself back on the bed and remove the gag from Jake. I'll be gracious enough to grant him a moment to speak—you know, just in case he wants to address me or poor Rob, who's fading away with every passing second.

"Ple-please . . . I didn't do anything wrong," Jake manages to say.

I turn on the drill; the sound causes Jake to shudder. There is no way this sack of shit is innocent. We do extensive research and surveillance before any action is taken. Maybe Jake is so desperate that he thinks if he begs, I'll feel like this is just some big misunderstanding. Throughout all my years of snuffing out parasites like Jake, I've encountered three different responses when they're on the verge of death.

The first, usually the most common, is rage. They'll insult me and women alike, demanding to be set free so they can rape and torture. The second is silence. It's like these men don't want to damage their ego, so showing any signs of weakness is out of the picture. And lastly is begging. Personally, this is the most alarming response. There is some semblance of hope that a woman can't commit such violent acts. So they use their charm to mentally disarm you, only to be set free and morph back into the sadistic fucks that they are.

"Oh, Jake . . . I'm not doing anything wrong either," I coo.

Through the blood loss and pale complexion, Jake's face ignites with rage. His facade crumbles and reverts to the monster prowling within his tar-like soul. Jake unleashes insults I've heard all my life. These pathetic

words bounce off my skin because I'm in control here. There is no escaping the inevitable.

I hover the drill over where his cock used to be and slowly apply pressure. Gore, muscle, and fatty tissue splatter everywhere. Jake's agonizing screams only empower me. His body jerks every which way, causing the drill to penetrate more areas and widening the gaping wound. The blood already soaking the silk sheets spreads as more crimson spews out.

Jake's movements begin to slow, meaning death is near. I take this information and apply more force. Within moments, the drill bit is fully submerged. The sheer force causes Jake's lower body to vibrate. It's a magical sight.

Without letting go, I stare intently into Jake's eyes through my mask. I'm waiting for the precious moment his soul departs. One can only hope Hell is a real place for monsters like him.

The moment finally comes as Jake's eyes stare at the ceiling, unmoving. I release the power button and slowly retract the drill. Gooey tendrils of tissue and muscle coat the instrument in a beautiful display.

It's a shame I can't bring this back to headquarters to keep as a trophy.

"Well done, amiga!" Camila says. "The stream was a hit."

"Music to my ears," I respond.

Camila cuts the music, making way for one sound to reach my ears. I focus my attention on Rob. His head is slackened while blood drips onto the concrete floor.

I shouldn't have killed him so quickly, but my anger got the best of me.

"Don't beat yourself up; there are plenty more opportunities," Camila states as if hearing my thoughts.

"You're right," I respond.

While I enjoyed my time here, I need to make my exit so our cleaning crew can get to work. I remove my neon mask and take in a few deep inhales. Time to get back to headquarters and shower. With a busy schedule like mine, there isn't much time to relax.

INTERNAL BLEEDING

EACH OF MY steps leaves an imprint of gore as I walk across the marble floor. My team greets me with wide grins and waves while they work at their computers. Like every day, it's busy at our headquarters. Camila, Jess, and I have staffed forty women to keep our operation afloat. Some are on Camila's team, tracking down predators that lurk behind their screens. Others have close connections with organizations that provide a secure place for women and children. A few volunteered to act as our cleanup crew, while the rest work in the medical industry with Jess. They offer medical help to victims and specific medication to aid me while I'm in the field.

There have been plenty of women on our team who offered to assist me with the physical labor, but I would never forgive myself if anyone got injured or lost their life while handling these monsters. Call it reckless, but I'm confident in my abilities to handle things on my own. The years I spent training with my father and brother due to their military backgrounds gave me enough strength to take down fifty-five men. With the help of our team, of course.

"Damn, you need a shower," Jess says from her office door.

"I'll bathe once you give me a hug first," I tease.

"Touch me and I'll taze you." Jess crinkles her nose in protest and steps further back into the room.

I can't help but laugh. The last thing I'd want is to ruin her Barbie doll appearance with a gross man's bodily fluids.

"Fair enough," I respond. "I'm going to get cleaned up and then meet you guys for the meeting."

"You got it, boss lady," Jess responds, wiggling her brows.

I amble over to the public showers we installed in the office space and cringe at the filth coating my bronze complexation once I undress. My face and brunette locks are sticky with Jake's gory essence.

In the heat of the moment, I get swept away in the euphoric bliss of dishing out justice. I'm unbothered with how messy things get. If anything, more carnage corresponds to more pleasure. Call me perverted all you want. I enjoy what I do and have no plans on conforming to societal norms.

Once I'm showered and dressed in fresh clothes, I head over to the meeting room that overlooks the city. Camila, Jess, and our administrative assistant, Ruby, patiently wait around the wooden circular table.

"All right, ladies," I say while taking a seat. "What's on the agenda for this week?"

Ruby pushes on her black-framed glasses and anxiously glances at us. I can sense the anxiety pouring out of her, which only causes me to tense up.

"Well . . . we have a problem," Ruby states.

No one says a word. The last time there was a serious issue, we lost a vital member of our team.

"Camila was suspicions of our new hire. Ava has been overly interested in vital information of our operations. While you were in the field, Camila caught Ava stealing data through a thumb drive," Ruby says.

I shift my focus to Camila. Instead of addressing the issue, she maintains eye contact with Ruby while fidgeting with her brown curly hair.

Numerous questions flood my thoughts. Why the fuck would one of our own want to do something like this? We're helping protect women, for Christ sakes. Unfortunately, we live in a world where some of our own kind don't care about that shit. Their own fucked-up morals get in the way of what's right.

"Where is she?" I ask, my fists clinching the armrest.

"Jess has sedated Ava. She's impatiently waiting at the warehouse," Ruby responds.

I swipe a hand across my face, trying my hardest to keep a calm composure. Whatever Ava had in mind with our personal information could have destroyed everything we've worked towards. More importantly, the lives of the people we vowed to protect are in danger.

Torturing men who truly deserve it feeds my soul. I'm not opposed to causing harm to one of our own, but the satisfaction is nowhere close. Though if anyone threatens the safety of others that have gone through hell

and back . . . I'll gladly sink my claws into them and eradicate their existence. Man or woman.

I can't mentally handle losing someone. Our dear friend Sophia died tragically while dealing with trash human beings. Sophia was the only other person that handled the physical aspect of this job, and because of that, I'll never allow anyone else to risk their life.

"Okay . . . " I breathe out. "Have everyone meet me there. I'm going to make a demonstration out of Ava."

We all stand and prepare ourselves for something none of us wanted to happen. Nonetheless, snakes find their way into places they have no business in. I feel my muscles tense up with every passing second. All I care to do at this moment is torture Ava to the brink of death, patch her up, and repeat the process.

"Bianca," Camila says while grabbing ahold of my arm. "I'm so sorry for allowing this to happen. I should hav—"

"Don't you dare blame yourself for this," I interrupt. "It's impossible to have your eyes on everything and everyone. Besides, Ava didn't get away with what she set out to do."

I can see that my best friend is holding back tears. The rapid blinking and ragged breaths to keep her composure is killing me. We have been through hell and back since we were kids. Growing up in the dangerous streets of Brazil caused us to mature way too quickly. All the loss and torment we witnessed is something that haunts us both. Instead of crumbling, we devoted our lives to helping others once we moved to the States.

I pull Camila in and wrap my arms around her. It's a matter of seconds before she weeps. The last thing I want is anyone here feeling like they need to hide their emotions. That's why everyone has free access to therapy, anytime they need it.

Once Camila is composed, she pulls away and flashes me a sheepish grin.

"On the way there, I'll hack into her devices and try to figure out what her plans were," Camila states. "I'm excited to see this bitch hurt."

"I have something special planned for this treacherous snake," I respond.

THE WRONG SIDE

AN HOUR LATER, our entire staff arrives at the warehouse. This space is usually meant for storing supplies and houses an onsite surgical suite with a viewing room. Jess and her team meet here weekly to practice and to operate on victims that are physically in need of help.

Though, today, we aren't aiding anyone. Ava will experience firsthand the lengths I'll go through to keep everyone safe. Our team is fully aware of how brutal my methods are. Obviously, if anyone wants to opt out of today's demonstration, they are free to go home. But with how serious Ava's action were, the entire staff is here to bear witness to some sweet revenge.

We amble our way into the surgical room, where Jess has been patiently waiting for us. Ava lies on a hospital bed, and her limbs are tightly secured. Ava's forehead is coated in sweat, causing her burgundy hair to stick to her face.

As everyone situates themselves on the various rows facing the operating bed, I place my neon-pink mask over my face. It's not that I must hide my identity here behind these slashed-out eyes and stitched-on grin. I also use this disguise to blanket my expressions. I'm all too familiar with the mind games people play when they witness any signs of weakness. A mere slip of a facial expression can be used against me.

"Bianca, please, there's been a misunderstanding," Ava pleads once I reach her.

My eyes sweep across her figure, taking in the tense muscles as she squirms in discomfort. On our way here, Camila was able to give me the rundown of what Ava was planning. The traitor was sent here by someone who lost their men due to us. While we have shut down several groups that run these "red room" operations, most of our work has only crippled a few.

“Humor me, Ava,” I say, tracing a finger up her torso. “Was this all worth it?”

Ava frantically eyes the entire staff. Maybe she believes since our core value is to protect one of our own, someone will crack and come to her rescue.

“You’re all going to fucking die. I’m not the only one who’s feeding information to them,” Ava spits, her pale complexation now burning red.

“Ahh, there you are.” I tsk. “For a second, I figured I would have to break that disgusting persona of yours.”

If this bitch believes that anyone else would betray our very foundation, then she’s dead wrong. Camila made sure to sweep through everyone’s personal devices while I was on my way back to headquarters.

“Just get to the part as to why you did something so stupid,” I say, irritation coating my tone.

Ava truly doesn’t have to share anything; eventually, we’ll get all the intel we need. Though it would speed up the process of who she was communicating with since the messages were encrypted.

“Why should I? I’m sure your minion over there will find out everything you need,” Ava snaps, gesturing with her head to Camila in the corner. “Or are you planning on putting on a show for your deranged viewers? For all those whores to masturbate to.”

My patience snaps, and I latch my hand around Ava’s neck. I dig my fingernails into her skin, applying as much pressure as I can while inching my face towards her face.

“I can assure you that everyone here will find great pleasure in witnessing how long I can drag out your death,” I snarl.

I release my grip and amble to the tray Jess set out for me. While Ava is struggling to breathe behind me, I pick out a blow torch to commence tonight’s festivities. As much as I’d love to cut into Ava immediately so her blood seeps inside my fingernails, I must pace myself. What Ava may not be aware of is the pleasure I get from torturing scum stems from dishing out the same violence men force upon women. She dug her own grave by picking their side.

I turn on the torch as I make my way back to her. Ava’s tender flesh will be no match to the scorching heat emitting from the instrument.

“Wa-wait! I’m pregnant!” Ava shrieks.

I release the torch's ignition and hold it to my side. Ava's emerald eyes silently beg for mercy due to the potential fetus inside her.

"Jess, can you confirm this?" I ask.

Jess nods and proceeds to pull out an ultrasound machine situated in the corner. The room is deathly quiet besides the sound waves emitting from machine. Moments later, Jess confirms that Ava is pregnant.

"The father knows I work for you, so if you hurt me or my child, he'll fucking kill you and destroy this pathetic organization of yours," Ava states matter-of-factly.

"So, the father is the man ordering you to do this?" I question.

"Yes." Ava laughs. "I'm treated like a queen by them. That's something none of you will ever understand with this women empowerment bullshit."

I contemplate my next move while Ava continues spewing her *pick me* trash. Personally, I have no clue as to why she believes this will save her from torment.

"Since you truly believe you're so special to them, answer me this," I say, inching closer. "Why would they send their queen into the hornets' nest? Wouldn't these big, strong men be perfectly capable of handling us themselves?"

My question seems to have thrown Ava off her high horse. Her eye's ping-pong every which way while scrambling through that rat's nest of a brain.

"You know what I think?" I ask, turning to face my team. "I think that the moment they found out you were pregnant, they sent your sorry ass here to get eliminated."

I'm met with nods of agreement from everyone. The issue with women like Ava is they believe they're somehow special to some of the worst types of men. That their charm or appearance is enough to subdue the monster etched within their flesh. These monsters don't care to hide their true intentions because women like Ava exist. Women who will fall to their knees and humbly submit just to receive acknowledgement.

"Well, I think it would be quite rude of me to not deliver on their wishes," I say, walking back to the tray for a new approach.

"What the fuck!?" Ava screams. "You're all a bunch of frauds, pretending to support women when you'll kill someone who's pregnant."

I ignore the whore. If she so desperately wants the approval of these freaks who torture and murder women for pleasure, she'll be treated as

fairly as their victims.

"Jess, if you would be so kind in assisting me during this," I say.

"With pleasure," Jess responds.

At my friend's suggestion, I'm handed a hunter's knife. We make our way back to Ava, who's thrashing like caged animal—the sight alone sends a jolt of excitement down my spine. The plan to drag out Ava's death is replaced with something I've witnessed before while watching how the enemy works. While this tactic is barbaric, Ava deserves everything that's about to happen.

Jess informs me where to cut for me to reach the uterine wall. I slice along Ava's lower abdomen; the contact causes her to scream and squirm. Gore seeps out of the uneven line down to her pubic area. All this blood . . . what a glorious sight. I feel as if I'm purging the world of another leech.

Ava bounces between pleading for salvation and cursing our very existence. Every word spewing out of the whore's mouth only fuels my brutality.

Jess assists me with parting the gaping wound as I reach the first layer that's protecting the fetus. I slice through Ava's uterus and amniotic sac. The sight before me would make anyone vomit—though there's nothing more exhilarating than the copious amount of blood staining my hands.

"There it is," Jess states. "It looks to be three months developed."

The ghastly creature appears to be around the size of a lemon. Once my fingertips graze the slimy thing, Ava releases a bloodcurdling scream. I pinch the umbilical cord and pull the baby out. Crimson has lodged itself under my fingernails as goops of blood clots decorate my hands. Fucking beautiful.

"My baby," Ava manages to breathe out.

Her complexion resembles a ghost with the amount of blood loss.

"Don't worry," I coo. "I'll make sure that both of you are together during this special moment."

I hover the fetus over Ava's face. She manages to force all of her attention on me, despite being on the verge of death.

"You're the real monste—"

Ava's final word is interrupted with the unexpected consumption of her child. I released the nasty little thing at the perfect moment. Ava's eyes bulge in disgust and horror as she desperately tries to spit her child out. I slam my palm over her mouth, trapping in the bloody sac of life.

“Jess, could you find something to secure her mouth, please?” I ask.

Jess nods and steps away for a moment. I keep my focus locked on to the open wound. Majority of the white sheets are stained in lifeblood. I move my free hand and trace the corners of Ava’s opening. She shivers and weeps while screaming in agony. Jess returns with duct tape, and we manage to secure Ava’s mouth.

I amble back to the tray of instruments and return with the blow torch. No matter how sick and twisted my thoughts are, I keep pushing further, diving deep into the depths of my psyche.

“Now, Ava,” I say, turning on the flame. “With every passing second of pain, just remember that the men who sent you do this for a living and without an ounce of regret.”

Ava’s watery eyes track my movements as I hover the torch inches away from her cunt. Realization finally registers through Ava’s corrupted mind, and she uses all her remaining energy to thrash.

Instead of taking my time, I place the flame on top Ava’s clit. Her body lunges up and slams down, causing me to burn parts of the gaping wound. I shove my free hand inside, where the fetus used to be, trying my best to pin the bitch down. Once I’ve subdued most of Ava’s movements, I continue burning her sensitive bits.

There is no protesting from my team. Everyone watches in silence as I do what I’m proficient in. Ava’s pussy quickly turns from pink to cherry red. This tactic isn’t something I just randomly came up with. Unfortunately, I’ve seen this scene play out too many times to count.

Even when Ava’s movements begin to slow and her cunt resembles a charred grill that hasn’t been cleaned in a while, I don’t stop. I push through the mental exhaustion that’s barreling in. And when Ava is long gone, I hold my position. A part of me is trapped within my psyche from losing Sophia. Not only because she died a horrific death due to monsters hiding within the skins of men, but because this could have happened again. Someone who was supposed to be on our side felt the need to put the lives of countless women in danger.

So . . . I don’t stop. Not until my body is on the verge of collapsing.

UNSPOKEN FEAR

Two Years Ago

A HYPNOTIC BEAT spreads throughout the cramped club. Bodies glisten with sweat as alcohol consumption provides people with liquid courage to dance and make their move on others. It's a typical Saturday night for most, but tonight, me and my girls are celebrating Sophia's twenty-fifth birthday.

"To the baddest bitch of them all!" Camila shouts, raising her shot glass.

"Cheers to Sophia!" Jess states.

"Happy birthday, queen!" I add.

The four of us clink our glasses together and down a tequila shot.

"I fucking love you girls so much," Sophia says, bringing everyone in for a group hug.

Not only is today a birthday celebration but a six-month commemoration for our organization. Our company has made strides throughout this time, helping women in need and providing a brutal death to rapists. With the help of Sophia going in and handling these missions on her own, we're making killer progress. Literally.

"I needed this. Especially after dealing with those monsters yesterday," Sophia states.

"I still can't believe you knife-fucked one of their urethras," Jess says, scrunching her face in disgust.

"Oh please, that's nothing compared to what Bianca does to these *men*," Sophia responds, flashing me a devilish grin.

I can't help but laugh. We both find pleasure in coming up with creative methods of torture. Though Sophia and I found a common ground with mutilating genitals. Rapists thrive off using their sensitive member to inflict fear and trauma on women. So all we're doing is giving them a taste of their

own medicine. Some would say I take it a little too far, but I always raise the question: Why should I hold back when they don't consider anyone else but themselves?

The club's fluorescent lights cast down on everyone on the dance floor. I can't help but take a moment to take in the beauty of my friends. While each of us thrives in self-confidence, a large part of it is due to the uplifting energy we provide each other. Although all of us are dressed like goddesses, Sophia is glowing.

Sophia's raven-colored hair gives a perfect contrast to her light complexion. Even through the darkened atmosphere, her ocean-blue eyes are as clear as day. I haven't seen my friend this happy and carefree in a while. Ever since she started dating my brother, a part of her soul was dimmed. Daniel has that affect. This is why I keep a safe distance from him.

It fucking pains me to see his deteriorating mental state drag someone down with him. And not just anybody, we're talking about one of the happiest and strong-willed women out there. But . . . I guess she saw past his inner demons and fell in love.

I'm apparently too lost in thought to notice Camila being harassed. Tension rolls off her as she shouts insults to a guy nearby.

"Jesus, bitch. Don't play hard to get. I'm sure no one's tended to the cobwebs surrounding your cunt. I'd be doing you a favor," he slurs through his drunken state.

Camila's jaw drops, unable to process what was said. I barely make it two steps before Sophia strikes him in the eye. The asshole ragdolls to the filthy floor, almost knocking other people down with him.

Within seconds, the douchebag's friends come to his aid.

"What the fuck is your problem, cunt?" one of them asks.

Oh hell no.

I shove my way in front of his towering physique and pull out the switchblade I always keep on me.

"I'm sorry," I say, pressing the tip of the blade onto his chest. "What did you call her?"

The confidence this little bitch had before morphs into fear. The fucker raises his hands up in surrender, slowly backing away, while his friends pick up their fallen buddy. I keep my sights locked on them while putting the knife away.

"Are you sure we can't murder them?" Sophia asks.

“We can’t,” I say, disheartened. “Besides being a raging dickwad, he didn’t physically force himself.”

I would love to bend our own rules to torture all of them. But the only reason we haven’t been caught by the authorities is due to murdering people that go out of their way to stay hidden.

“You two terrify me, and I love you for that.” Camila grins.

“We’ll always have your back, but Bianca and Sophia can handle the physical assault.” Jess chuckles.

The four of us laugh before getting back to dancing and enjoying the night. No one tries to bother us after the altercation, which is exactly how I like it. This is how I envision the rest of my life to be. Even when we’re old and too weak to hunt predators, we’ll always have each other’s backs.

“Happy birthday, beautiful,” a voice says.

I mentally prepare myself to fight someone this time. My patience is nonexistent by this point. And when I turn to address the asshole, my muscles tense up.

“Hey, babe . . . ” Sophia draws out, accepting a kiss from my brother. “I wasn’t expecting to see you here.”

Daniel’s vacant eyes find mine, which sends a shiver down my spine.

Great, so much for having a fun night out.

“It’s your birthday. Of course I’m going to see you,” he responds.

Jess and Camila shoot me a look of disappointment. No one appears happy with his intrusion. It only took mere seconds for my brother to kill the vibe. Not even those assholes were able to do that. But Daniel is a master in the craft.

“This place feels a bit too crowded. How about we go back to my place?” Daniel asks.

“Absolutely not,” I interject.

Daniel’s hazel eyes narrow, and he sidesteps Sophia to face me.

“The invitation was for her. You three can get wasted on your own,” Daniel snaps.

I go to reach for my switchblade, which is unfortunately noticed by Sophia.

“It’s okay, Bianca,” Sophia says, placing herself in-between us. “I’m getting tired anyways.”

I know my friend enough to see that she’s lying. Sophia’s eyes soften, and the look alone is a silent plea to let her go.

“Okay . . . but we’ll see you tomorrow?” I ask.

“Of course,” Sophia responds.

It pains me to know that my brother has a mental grasp on her. I don’t fucking understand it. Despite the few conversations I’ve had with Sophia on this topic, she insists that he treats her well.

The three of us take turns hugging Sophia and wishing her a goodnight before Daniel steals her away. My brother keeps his gaze locked onto mine the entire time. The bastard is lucky she loves him . . .

MEMORIES

Present

TODAY MARKS THE one-year anniversary of Sophia's passing. Camila, Jess, and I have gathered at her *empty* grave to spend time with our dear friend.

"Do you remember when Sophia knocked that dude unconscious on her birthday?" Jess asks.

"I do!" I laugh. "She was so quick with it too. I didn't even get a second to step in."

"Too bad your brother ruined that night . . . If I knew she wasn't going to be with us much longer, I would have fought him for more time," Camila adds.

"Trust me, I think about that all the time," I respond.

My brother, Daniel, had been dating Sophia for two years before she was murdered. Our friendship with her blossomed way before they were an item. While I was hesitant of their relationship at first, due to Daniel's decline in mental health, I eventually grew to accept it.

Daniel was discharged from the Army after four years of service. And shortly after his discharge, they ended up spending more time together. I will admit that it was painful to not be around her as much. Daniel found ways to continuously interrupt our plans, knowing damn well Sophia would sense our discomfort and leave with him. While my brother's temperament was manageable when she was alive, his behavior became unbearable after Sophia's death. It didn't take long for me to cut ties with my only sibling. My mental health couldn't handle dealing with his outbursts while trying to grieve.

Despite my clouded feelings for Daniel, I am grateful for one thing. He and my father aren't aware of what we do for work, but they knew enough to properly train us in physical combat. I wish this was enough to keep us safe, but in the end, Sophia was brutally murdered by masked fuckers. She was the victim of a snuff film.

To this day, I blame myself for sending her to stop their operation. I was busy with something else, and Sophia insisted on doing this on her own. I should have known they were more organized than we were at the time . . . I haven't been able to track these monsters down.

The worst part of Sophia's death was watching it unfold through a recording. The location our dear friend went to was a trap. Every security footage was wiped within the building, so there was no telling where they took her. After three days since we had last seen Sophia, Camila received an encrypted file. A file that gave us a clear view of what happened. Sophia's screams and mutilated corpse still haunt my nightmares.

"You're thinking about it again . . . aren't you?" Camila asks, reeling me back to the present.

"Yeah," I respond.

I can't help the burning sensation behind my eyes. The look of concern and empathy my friends give me is enough to break me down. The three of us hold each other while our thoughts bring us down memory lane.

The moment of grief pulls itself back as we try to share happy memories or other news within our personal lives. Camila gives updates on the new puppy she adopted, while Jess vents about shitty patients at her job. I, unfortunately, have no updates. I've thrown myself into my job, feeling as if one day I'll figure out who ripped Sophia from us.

"I better get back to the office. These criminals can't be left unsupervised for too long," Camila says.

"Yeah, I need to rush to the hospital. Even as a part-time nurse, I have a busy day ahead of me," Jess adds.

I pull my friends in for an embrace before everyone goes their separate ways. Even though I should be heading back to work with Camila, I feel the need to be with Sophia a while longer.

Despite the clear blue sky today, I can't shake the mental storm cloud that's suffocating me. No matter how hard I try to claw my way from grief, it finds a way to slam me back into the void. This never-ending mental

torture is nothing compared to the violent crime Sophia endured throughout those thirty-six hours.

I rest my head on top of her tombstone, allowing myself a moment alone to cry.

I fucking failed you.

"What are you doing here?" a voice asks.

I wipe away my tears and turn around. The person before me is someone I never expected to see here.

"I'm visiting my friend, asshole. But I should be asking you that question since you never bothered to come," I snap.

My brother looms over me. The audacity that this piece of shit is questioning my intentions is absurd. Daniel didn't bother to make an appearance during her funeral and practically disappeared after Sophia's passing. Despite a few exchanges of harsh words, pinning the blame on me for her death, we never communicate.

"I figured you or those fake friends of yours would have moved on by now," Daniel states.

I don't even allow a moment to pass before I collide my fist into his jaw. Daniel stumbles back and takes a moment touch the open cut across his face. His hazel eyes lock on to mine as he takes confident strides my way.

"You don't scare me, Daniel," I state, keeping my stance strong. "I'd just fuck off if I were you. It's what you do best anyways."

Daniel's lips pull into a smirk as he runs a hand through his brunette locks. The fucker is so cocky. I despise the fact that Sophia was the one who had to fall for him. Even though my brother played no role in her death, I can tell that his mental fog engulfed parts of Sophia's light throughout their time together.

"And why aren't you afraid? Is it because of whatever the hell you do for work?" he probes.

Keep it together, Bianca.

The last thing I need is to allow my rage to pour out and give Daniel vital information about my job. Regardless of my brother's tall and lean physique, I shove a finger into his chest. If he pushes me any further or continues to disrespect my friends, I'll permanently put Daniel in a wheelchair.

"I know Dad is still funding your sorry ass just so you can get piss drunk every night. Say one more thing about my friends and I'll find a way to

convince Dad to cut you dry," I hiss.

While I have no idea where Daniel lives or what he fucking does in his spare time, I can smell the liquor seeping out of his pores. Since I've been able to financially support myself since I was eighteen and make it a habit to visit our father, I'm his favorite. It's no secret that my dad is disappointed in his deadbeat son, but a part of him feels guilty that Daniel was in the room when our mother hung herself. He was ten years old.

Daniel puts his hands up in surrender and steps back. The devilish smirk across his face doesn't fall. If anything, it stays there as I gather my shit and leave.

COPING WITH CORPSES

"HE SAID WHAT!?" both Camila and Jess shout through my earpiece.

"I know, right?" I respond, securing a strap-on around my waist. "After all this time, he decided to show up on her anniversary and say some shit like that."

"God, I'm so sorry I left early. We could have handled Daniel together," Camila says.

"Handled as in fucking dismembered. I despise your brother," Jess adds.

I can't help but laugh. Their support means the world to me, and Daniel is a waste of air, so their comments don't affect me.

"Ple—please, I won—won't ever do this again," the man before me begs.

Ronald is his name, I believe. It's hard to remember with the conversation I had with Daniel clouding my thoughts. Ronald's flaccid cock is superglued inside his buddy's mouth—we'll call him Jeremy. Gore stains the bed sheets from severing Ronald's arms at the elbows. To ensure he doesn't die from blood loss, I applied a tourniquet where he was cut. His useless limbs lie near me where I'm kneeling on the bed. Ronald has lost a lot of blood, but I'm sure he'll thank me. What man wouldn't want to die with their dick gobbled down?

I shush Ronald and point to my earpiece before returning to the conversation.

"I love you girls so much, but I'm sure he won't be a problem anymore," I say.

I land a hard smack across Jeremy's ass. He whimpers and continues to cry. Jeremy is propped up on his knees, giving me a ghastly view of his hairy asshole.

“Relax your muscles or don’t. This is going to be really painful Jerr-bear,” I state.

Camila and Jess chuckle at the remark. Not only will I violate Jeremy’s shit-coated insides, but the metal spikes surrounding the seven-inch dildo are the real threat.

I arrived dangerously late this time around. These two cocks for torture had a helpless child strapped to the bed when I broke in. Thankfully, besides the psychological torment the kid endured, they hadn’t started their scheduled program just yet. I snuck behind these monsters and sedated them with needles provided by Jess. Due to the urgency of our victim, a part of my team waited outside to rescue the little girl and take her somewhere safe.

I place my palms on Jeremy’s ass cheeks and pull them apart. Even with my mask on, the rancid smell of his sweaty crack assaults my senses. Before I get a moment to insert the dildo, a steady stream of diarrhea flows out of Jeremy. Maybe I should have positioned them at the edge of the bed so this filth doesn’t seep into my clothes. But I didn’t think too far ahead, and now I’m forced to have shit and gore leak onto me. It’s too late now. I will simply have to bleach my body after I’m done here.

“We have a shitter, everyone,” I say.

“Fucking nasty! I’m on my lunch break,” Jess says.

“Hey, you decided to be a part of the call,” I respond.

“Well, of course. I wanted to talk shit about Daniel, not hear about the actual substance,” Jess retorts.

Despite the grossness of the subject, we all laugh. Well, besides the two men who wanted to fuck and torture a kid.

I reel myself back to the task at hand and use the chocolatey substance as lubricant. Jeremy’s muscles tense up, and he releases muffled screams. The smaller spikes at the tip puncture and rip Jeremy’s inner walls. Blood trickles out of his hairy hole and mixes with the pool of shit under him.

I don’t bother to ease my way inside. With my grip firm on Jeremy’s cheeks, I ram the entire length. Jeremy’s knees buckle, and it takes effort to keep the weeping little bitch up. The once tiny hole is now permanently resized thanks to the spiked cock they had on hand. I maintain a steady pace of ass fucking when I notice Jeremy’s back begin to arch. His rhythmic movement’s mimic a cat when they’re moments away from vomiting.

“Looks like your dick is about to be in the splash zone, Ronald,” I tease.

Moments later, I hear Jeremy throw up. Too bad he's forced to keep everything in place. I'm unsure if it's due to the loss of blood or shock of the current situation, but Ronald's eyes shut, and he passes out. I hoist a severed arm and slap him across the face.

"Stay with me, dude. My viewers don't like quitters," I say.

Ronald's lashes flutter open, allowing more tears to stream down his face.

"Do you think your father knows that Daniel made contact with you?" Camila asks.

"I honestly don't know. We haven't talked in over a month," I respond.

While my relationship with my dad is healthier than the one I have with Daniel, we aren't as close anymore. The pressure I put on him about my brother has caused a lot of tension between us. The guilt he bears eats him alive, and it shows. Every time I've paid a visit, my father appears thinner. When I suggest for us to have dinner together, he gives me a bullshit excuses that he's busy.

"It doesn't matter . . . I'll handle this situation," I add.

"Not alone you won't. We'll always have your back," Jess says.

"Through thick and thin, bitches," Camila chimes in.

I feel my thighs burning from the continuous grinding, so I take this moment to finally pull out of Jeremy. A nasty concoction flows out of the mutilated hole. It takes all the strength I have to keep the bile at the back of my throat subdued.

With my thoughts plaguing my concentration, I feel that it's necessary to end the stream soon. I retrieve the pistol Ronald had set aside and position it inside Jeremy's bleeding asshole.

"Hopefully, you make better life choices in your next life," I say before emptying the magazine.

While several bullets get lodged within Jeremy's insides, some exit through his spine, decorating the cement wall with gore and shit. Jeremy's knees give out, and his body slumps to the side, tugging Ronald's dick with it. Ronald's body jerks and his eyes bulge from the movement. I'm surprised the piece of shit is still alive by this point. But from my view, Jeremy ended up ripping part of his flesh surrounding his dick.

"Ple-please have mer—mercy . . . I have a wife and kids," Ronald mumbles.

His statement shifts my rage from Daniel to him. The fact that a man with a family can commit something so vile is beyond me. Why on earth would someone with no empathy drag people into the depths of their nonexistent soul? It's sickening.

"I'm positive they'll be *safer* and happier without you around," I hiss.

I hatch a new plan. I search for Ronald's phone as he weeps in the background.

"Is everything okay?" Camila asks.

"Yeah, I just have a plan for this sick piece of shit," I respond.

I find the device and an extra magazine for the gun in the pockets of his jacket, which had been tossed aside. The display lights up, and I'm met with a locked screen. To my luck, Ronald set up face recognition. I stomp my way back to him, my muscles tightening with the continuous amounts of stress piling on. Through Ronald's dazed state of mind, he doesn't process that I'm trying to unlock his phone when I hover it over him.

The background photo displays the family he mentioned. Two young girls and a blond-haired woman cheerfully smile at the camera.

You sick bastard.

I open the camera application and begin recording Ronald.

"Go ahead and tell your loved ones why you've found yourself in this tragic situation," I demand.

Realization dawns on him, and he shakes his head in protest.

"No . . . please don't do this to them. They have no idea about how I pay the bills," Ronald responds.

Of course they don't. Obviously, I'm not demented enough to show this to anyone. But I'll have Ronald believing his family will know his true identity during his final moments.

I don't respond and keep the camera fixed on Ronald's greasy brown locks. He weeps while whispering that he can't do it. My patience is wearing thin, so I continue lying.

"Stay silent and I'll target your family next. I'm sure they'll love to know that you sent me to their doorstep," I say.

Ronald freezes at my empty threat. He's in no position to bargain, which only leaves one option. Compliance.

Ronald begins confessing his crimes, and the video cuts after ten minutes. Any moment the fucker tried to sugar-coat the severity of his actions, I applied more pressure of harming his loved ones.

I discard the phone and replace the magazine in the gun. Ronald's rapid change in expressions is a strong indicator he's battling a storm of emotions. What would be worse? Knowing you're about to die, or that your murderer may harm your family? The barrel of the gun kisses Ronald's drenched forehead as I eye him through my mask.

"You won't hurt my family . . . right?" he manages to whisper.

"I lied," I respond, and pull the trigger.

THE TAPE

I'M SHROUDED IN DARKNESS. The curtains of my office are closed, shutting out the moon's glow. My mental state is usually in check, especially since I need a clear head with this line of work. But since my conversation with Daniel, I haven't been able to think clearly.

I switch on the television, allowing the blue hue to coat parts of the room. Since Sophia's passing, I've watched the snuff film she starred in multiple times. It doesn't bring me any satisfaction to witness the horrors my friend went through. Even when I try to numb the emotional suffering I feel with every passing second of the film, I push through it in hopes to track her killers.

The movie begins, displaying Sophia stripped naked and cowering on a bed. Those soulless freaks didn't want her tied so she could put up a fight.

Fucking monsters.

Seven men crowd the bed, taking turns beating Sophia senseless. Her raven-colored hair is caked with sweat and gore. Ten minutes in, all seven of them take turns raping Sophia. Despite being punched and stabbed, Sophia's lips only part to scream in agony. She doesn't bother begging for mercy or bargaining because Sophia knows these sorry excuses for humans won't stop.

An hour into the torture, they secure a plastic bag over her head. The backs of my eyes begin to burn when the camera zooms in to Sophia's panicked face. When she reaches to rip holes into the bag, they hold her arms down.

Two men are balls deep inside Sophia's private areas. Her chest rises and falls in rapid succession, only causing the plastic sack to fog up.

The first time I watched this part, I thought my dear friend was going to die then and there. However, when her murderers saw their victim was

about to die, they tore a small hole around Sophia's mouth. She was granted a moment to breathe before all seven of them took turns defecating and pissing inside the opening.

Whoever these people are, they're professionals. All of them are clothed in black and wearing matching clown masks. Even Camila and her team couldn't gather much from the tape. But for some reason, I torture myself every month to rewatch this vile act to try and find something we might have missed.

I pause the tape two hours in, needing a moment to collect myself. Any human with emotions couldn't manage watching something so graphic for a long period of time. I grab the blanket that's draped over the couch and cover my face to muffle my cries. Even with no one in the office this late at night, I personally feel guilty hearing myself cry when I haven't brought justice for my friend.

The sound of the office door opening startles me. I rip the blanket away to find a welcome surprise.

"Oh, honey . . . " Jess says.

Jess must have just gotten off work since she's still in her scrubs. Behind Jess is Camila. They both rush to me and wrap me in an embrace. It's like they telepathically knew I needed comfort.

"Why didn't you call us?" Camila asks, concern etched into her tone.

"I didn't want to bother anyone," I respond through sniffles.

I'm met with disapproving head shakes. It's a silly response because none of us feel comfortable leaving anyone on our team to suffer alone.

"If you're going to mentally torture yourself through this, then you can't do it alone," Jess states.

God, I fucking hate hearing that . . . The last thing I wanted was to drag my best friends into this self-destructive habit. A large part of me understands that I won't find anything new. These monsters would have been murdered by now if that was the case.

"Whatever you're thinking, stop that," Camila says, placing her palms on my cheeks.

More tears flow down my cheeks as I stare into her eyes. There's pain and suffering within those caramel orbs. No matter how much each of us try and deny it, we suffer in our own ways. Sophia was a ray of sunshine, spreading her love and worth to all of us.

“Instead of suffocating in the darkness, let’s all go out and eat sushi tonight,” Jess says.

On cue, my stomach grumbles. I barely ate today due to my thoughts being clouded by depression.

“That sounds perfect,” I respond.

MONSTRUOUS PARENTS

I'M TAKING UP a house call today. While I find it safer knowing the inside layout of the space I'll be torturing people in, this is an urgent matter.

Camila was tipped off about a family listing their three children for sale on the dark web. Photos of their malnourished bodies were posted on a forum two days ago. The asking price is eight thousand dollars for two girls aged six and nine. A day later, they uploaded a picture of a six-month-old baby boy for an additional six thousand.

There were several predators interested in these kids, but since the parents requested to have them picked up at their house, most bailed. I can only assume it's due to fear of it being a sting operation. I had Camila hack into the original poster's IP address to confirm the validity. Unfortunately, this was real.

After several hours of communication with these monsters, they agreed to have me pick them up. I stopped by the bank first to pull out the full amount for all three of them since they're requesting cash payment, and now, I'm on my way there.

I was met with a lot of resistance from my team. They fear this is too dangerous for me to handle on my own. And with how our operation is considered *illegal* activity, calling the police if things get out of hand is out of the question. Though the last thing I'm going to do is sit on my ass and allow someone to buy these kids to do God knows what with.

Even though I never experienced sexual and physical assault as a child, some of the women on my team did. The ones who felt comfortable sharing their traumatic experiences expressed how the actions of mentally disturbed adults ruined them. Therapy can be an amazing source to heal past traumas, but it doesn't fully take the mental scar away.

I'm twenty minutes away from reaching my destination. These "parents" live outside of the city in an area of isolated farmland. A perfect setting for hiding atrocities within the home. The plan is simple: pay for the kids, have them wait in the car, murder the parents, and take the money back. As much as I'd love to torture these sick fucks, my priority is the safety of the children.

Once I've reached their property, I tuck a pistol within my jeans. I fucking hate not being able to hide my appearance, but I fear showing up with a mask might complicate the transaction.

Their home is relatively small, a one-story house that hasn't been cared for in ages. The windows are boarded up, obviously to keep prying eyes out. I knock three times and wait. Sounds of shuffling within escape the cracks of the weathered white door.

To no surprise, I'm greeted by a couple that seem to feed their bodies with drugs and alcohol. A stench of animal feces barrels into me, as if the smell itself had no more space indoors.

"I'm here for my playthings," I state dryly.

I can't believe that statement escaped my lips. Unfortunately, I have to play the role of a demented individual for things to run smoothly.

"I see . . . " the bald man draws out, eyeing me from head to toe. "You don't seem the type to enjoy these activities."

"I figured to clean myself up so the kiddies felt safe until I'm ready to break them," I respond.

I'll never forgive myself, even if these are mere words.

My long brown hair isn't brushed, and I figured jeans with a black long-sleeve tee-shirt would be "casual" enough.

The supposed mother studies my face, her vacant blue eyes searching for any signs of deception. Not only does their home smell offensive, but their body odor finally reaches my nostrils.

"Listen, I don't have all day," I state, pulling out an envelope with cash. "Here's the money; just give me what I want."

Without hesitation, baldy grabs the envelope. They turn their backs to me while counting the cash. Once the full amount is confirmed, the bitch disappears to retrieve the kids.

"I'd love to see footage of you playing with my kids someday," the man says, licking his lips while staring at my chest.

"I don't share what's mine," I snap.

“My bad,” he chuckles. “I understand that very well. Unfortunately, we need money to survive. I’m sure my wife will pop more babies for me to have fun with in the near future.”

I physically restrain myself from putting a bullet within his skull. The muscles throughout my body strain with every passing second I’m here having to pretend I’m one of them.

Moments later, the “mom” returns with a baby in her arms and both girls cowering behind her. The conditions of these kids appear far worse up close. They’re covered in filth, and their cheek bones stand out.

“You brats will be going with the this . . . nice lady here,” the bitch says, winking at me.

I reach out my arms as she hands me the baby boy. He feels much lighter than any six-month-old I’ve held. A part of my heart shatters, and I manage to hold back tears.

“Pleasure doing business with you two,” I lie, and motion the girls to follow me.

Normally, any child asked to leave with a complete stranger would put up some resistance. But these girls have endured too much and would rather risk leaving their home with someone else.

I place the baby in a car seat that I bought on my way here and ask the girls to sit in the back. Once I’ve closed their door, I lock the car and head back to the predators’ entrance.

This time around, I pound my fist until someone greets me. In a matter of seconds, the door swings open, revealing a pissed and confused version of baldy.

“What the hell do you want? We gave you what you wanted,” he snarls.

“Sorry, I forgot something,” I respond, pulling the gun out of its hiding spot.

The child rapist barely gets a moment to register the weapon before I fire three shots into his head. The bullets rip through his cranium, sending chunks of gore and brain matter splattering everywhere. Baldy slumps to the ground, giving me a perfect view of the petrified wife who is hiding nearby.

The junkie doesn’t flee, not like she had a chance with the weapon now aimed at her.

“Just take the money . . . p-please don’t kill me,” she says, weeping, placing her hands up in surrender.

“Oh, I’ll be taking it back. But first, I have a few questions,” I say, taking confident steps towards her.

The bitch trembles once we’re mere feet apart. At first, I perceive the disgusting smell assaulting me as the natural aroma of the home. Then the rancidness intensifies, and I pin it to the stream of piss gliding down her thighs.

“I expect this revolting behavior to be done by the corpse over there,” I spit out, gesturing to her husband. “But how could you do something like this to your own babies?”

She struggles to maintain eye contact with me. I doubt the tears flowing down her cheeks have anything to do with guilt.

“It’s not my fault . . . ” the cunt whispers.

I pistol whip her head, unable to contain the rage running through my veins.

“Try again. I’ll never believe you are the victim here. The greed pouring out of you to get rid of your kids for money is unmistakable,” I snap.

More sobs of pity pour out. The sight only adds fuel to my ever-so-thinning patience.

“I-I don’t know! Okay. I’m fucking sick . . . please get me some help and I’ll never do this again,” she begs.

What a joke.

Why would I ever help someone like this? People that have sexual cravings for kids or allow that shit to happen can’t take a pill to magically cure themselves.

I’ve had enough of this house of horrors. Instead of expressing my disgust, I unload three rounds into her skull. Brain juice splatters on to my face as she ragdolls to the floor.

Finally feeling satisfied with a job complete, I wash gore and goops of cerebrum off me. Unfortunately, I can’t just allow their bodies to rot here; there’s too much evidence of my presence.

I take several moments to bang on the walls to drive out any vermin living within the home. The smell of animal waste is a strong indicator that humans aren’t the only things inhabiting this house. On my way to their front porch, I had spotted a lawn mower outside with a gas can nearby. With this in mind, I go outside to retrieve the can and then begin splashing the pungent liquid throughout the home.

As soon as the gas runs out, I light a match from a matchbox I found in the kitchen and toss it in the furthest room. I swiftly make my exit and run back to the car. The girls press their backs further into the seat as we drive off. Their baby brother is sound asleep, but my heart breaks from their pained and fearful expressions.

"I'm not going to hurt you guys . . . I know things have been really scary living at that house, but I promise you'll be taken care of," I say carefully, glancing at them through the rearview mirror.

Both sisters hold each other and quietly sob. I don't expect them to believe me. Why would they? After everything they endured with their own parents, how could a stranger be any better?

If the authorities were the ones to rescue these kids, they would probably end up being separated by child services. The chances of them finding a normal and loving family are incredibly low. Because of these statistics, my organization will house them in a safe environment. Each of them will have access to therapy, food, medical assistance, and home schooling.

"Did you kill them?" a voice asks.

The blood in my body runs cold at the question. I peer behind to find that the older sister is asking the difficult question.

"It's okay if you did . . . They were evil people," she states.

My chest tightens, and a pain of sorrow spreads like wildfire. The younger sister has fallen asleep within her lap. This isn't information I planned to share, but the calm, assured tone within her words gives me confidence.

"I did . . . but I promise to keep the three of you together and safe," I respond.

"Thank you," she says.

GONE WITHOUT A TRACE

THE SIBLINGS ARE with my team now. This whole ordeal has sparked a need for me to visit my father. Our last messages were two months ago, and I can't help but feel guilty for not checking up on him sooner. Despite our relationship not being the strongest, my dad did an amazing job raising two kids on his own.

As I make my way over to his house, a looming cloud of dread follows closely behind. I fear Daniel may make an appearance since our last encounter, and I'm in no mood for confrontation. This whole time, I figured my brother might have moved far away after Sophia's death, but he might have been closer than I imagined.

Once I pull up to my dad's driveway, I check my phone. He hasn't read my messages that I'm on my way, which is unusual.

Alex, my father, still lives in my childhood home. It's a two-story house painted white. The lawn is usually cut since he can't stand a messy front yard, though it appears the grass hasn't been tended to in quite some time.

Instead of knocking, I use a spare key and let myself in. I can't shake this nagging feeling that something is off. There are no lights turned on within the home, and everything appears normal.

"Hey, Dad. Where are you?" I ask.

My words linger in the air as I wait for a response. I'm met with silence, and it feels as if my question clings onto my skin, spreading a dulling pain throughout my chest. It doesn't help that this is the same home my mother killed herself in. Even as an adult, I feel like her deathly essence lives within these walls.

My movements and search for my father grow frantic with every room I clear. He's nowhere to be found. I open the garage door, checking if maybe he's out running errands. To my dismay, his vehicle is still here.

Most people wouldn't jump to the worst-case scenario with a situation like this, but that's exactly what I end up doing. In my line of work, I've witnessed the horrors that humans are capable of.

I bring out my phone and call the only person who can aid me.

"Hey, amiga," Camila says. "How's the visit with your dad?"

The response I want to give her gets lodged within my throat. I don't want to acknowledge my fears . . .

"Bianca? Is everything okay?" Camila asks, concern coating her tone.

"He's not here. I think something happened to him," I say.

"Hold on, let me check the security cameras there," Camila responds.

God, I love her.

When there's an urgent situation, Camila never wastes time. I hear the sound of her typing away, every passing second sending my thoughts to the worst possible outcome.

"Shit . . . " Camila finally says.

"What is it?" I ask.

"Everything seemed normal this morning from the cameras inside the house, but at two in the afternoon . . . he's nowhere to be found. It looks like someone wiped the footage," Camila states.

"Fuck!" I shout.

The backs of my eyes burn. All I want to do is break down, but that would only waste time. My father would never just up and leave without saying anything. Even from a distance, he always made sure to express how much he appreciates my company. My job has caused me to become more distant for fear of him getting involved or tracked down.

This is all my fucking fault . . . First, Sophia, and now my dad.

"Don't panic," Camila says, reeling me out of my thoughts. "I already have software working to restore what was deleted."

"I have no idea what I would do without you," I respond, choking up as tears flow down my cheeks.

"Well, good thing you'll never have to experience that," Camila says. "This may take some time, though."

"That's fine. I'll search the house again while we wait," I say.

I spend the next half hour retracing my steps. There might have been something I missed the first time around. Camila keeps me company throughout my search. If it wasn't for her calming voice, I'd be losing my shit.

“Not now, I’m really busy,” Camila says to someone.

She’s at our headquarters, probably using all four of her monitors to help me.

“If someone isn’t dying, it can wait,” Camila snaps.

The conversation she’s having causes me to halt my movements. Everyone on Camila’s team understands to not bother her when she’s dealing with something serious. Despite the aggression in Camila’s tone, she’s the sweetest leader, and her team loves her. So this must be urgent.

“Bianca, I’ll be right back,” Camila says.

I try my hardest to stay focused on searching for clues as to who took my father, but with another issue being presented, I’m mentally ready to give up.

Moments later, I hear Camila placing her headphones back on.

“What’s going on over there?” I ask.

“I know this is the worst timing . . . ” Camila drags out. “But you need to get back to the office right now.”

LONG-AWAITED CONTACT

MY BRAIN IS spiraling by the time I reach headquarters. Camila was reluctant in giving me any information on the situation. The only thing I was made aware of was that a box was dropped off and the contents within need to be addressed.

Despite my rush to get some answers, I immediately freeze once I walk through our front entrance. Most of our team is huddled together, and their whispering fades due to my presence. There's a heaviness surrounding them. Whenever I try to make eye contact with someone, I'm met with detached and concerned expressions.

"Bianca," a voice calls.

I turn to find Jess waiting by one of the offices. Jess's makeup is smudged, and her already light complexion is paler than usual. I rush inside the office and find Camila pacing the small room. Placed neatly on top of the conference table is a black box. Fear propels me forward, and I reach for the ominous package.

"Wait!" Jess states, grabbing ahold of my arm. "You might want to sit down for this."

My brow furrows, and anxiety wraps a firm grasp around my throat. Camila finally faces me and gestures to the chair nearby. Reluctantly, I sit.

Jess and Camila situate themselves beside me as I open the contents. Their nervous energy pours out, causing my muscles to tighten as I open the box.

Inside the obscure container, I find a black envelope that's been torn open and a Polaroid picture face down. Curiosity draws my hand over the photo.

"Start with the note first," Camila advises.

The caution in her tone is enough for me to do just that. I pull out a card that was tucked inside and read the message.

Bianca, we are eager to meet you. If you care for your father's safety, you'll make your appearance at this location tonight. This invitation is extended to only you. Fail to comply and we'll provide the same services we gave Sophia to daddy dearest. See you soon.

The weight of everything barrels through me, and my heart shatters. I should be happy to finally put an end to the people responsible for taking Sophia away from us, but them using my father as leverage complicates the entire situation. I'm fucking angry, scared, and hit with grief all it once. This is too much for my brain to handle. And to make matters worse, these fuckers have had their eyes on us this whole time. The thought alone sends shivers down my spine.

Not wanting to prolong seeing the item that's had a traumatizing impact on everyone, I flip over the picture. Truthfully, I had no idea what to expect, but it wasn't this.

The horrific image within my trembling fingertips details what happened to Sophia's body.

Sophia is sprawled on a large dining table. Her entire chest cavity is ripped open, and from what I see, most of her insides have been torn out. But Sophia isn't the only one present in this image.

Every person responsible in her brutal death sits around the table. Their plates are stacked with what I can assume is Sophia's innards. Each of them faces the person capturing this atrocious moment, their clown masks hiding the monsters behind each disguise.

Unable to stare longer, I drop the photo back inside the box. My body temperature rises as I jolt out of the chair.

"Bianca . . . you can't go there," Jess states, blocking my exit.

"I agree. No matter how angry we all are, there's no way this isn't a trap," Camila adds, joining at Jess's side. "I would never forgive myself if you died."

Their pained expressions give me a moment of clarity. Unfortunately, Camila is correct, but that doesn't mean I'm just going to stand by and lose my father.

"There has to be something we can do. My dad is being held hostage," I respond.

“We aren’t going to allow them to keep him for long, but this requires some patience to form a plan,” Camila states.

If it wasn’t for my friends, I would have been on my way to sealing my death. While our team has plenty of experience, we’re dealing with professionals here. I don’t know how long these predators have been keeping tabs on our organization, but this means everyone is in danger.

“The most important thing is having everyone go home or somewhere safe. We’re like sitting ducks here,” I state, glancing out of the room and observing our staff.

“I’ll tell them now,” Jess says before rushing out of the office.

“Let’s not waste any more time and formulate a plan,” I tell Camila, tension coating my words.

“Let me grab my laptop and get to work,” Camila says.

I pace around the office, unable to sit with my anxiety piling onto my shoulders. No matter how pressing this issue is, I can’t help but feel guilt for putting all these people in danger. The whole reason I do this job is to protect others. And here I am . . . practically teasing the wolves with people I risk my life to look after.

“All right, let’s get started,” Camila says, pulling me out of my self-deprecating thoughts. “While you were on your way here, I began formulating a plan.”

I join Camila at the table and watch her type away. A live image pops up of a three-story dilapidated building. It appears to be in a secluded area, since I can’t see anything around it.

“This is the address on the invitation. It’s a three-hour drive from here,” Camila informs. “I have software running to hack the cameras inside, so I should have visuals by the time you get there.”

While it’s great that she’ll be watching me, I’ll still be physically alone and at their mercy. The thought alone is enough to create fear and hesitancy. Whenever I infiltrate monsters like them, I have the element of surprise to aid me. But what choice do I have?

“Okay, everyone has left,” Jess states.

I shift my focus to her, and my brow furrows. Three of our staff members walk in behind Jess. My lips part to question why they’re still here, but Jess holds up a finger.

“I know you work alone on the field, but you’ll have to kill me first to do that tonight. They volunteered to assist,” Jess says.

“She’s right, Bianca. There’s no chance of you surviving this without help,” Camila adds.

Fuck.

I don’t reply. Every thought bouncing inside my head is screaming at me to do this alone. It would be helpful to have some assistance, but they could also distract me. I fear I’ll be too concerned about my team’s safety.

“We may not have the best experience in physical combat, but there has to be something we can do to help,” one of the women states.

Her name is Rebecca; she’s part of Jess’s team. Rebecca’s comment gives me an idea. Even though I despise putting anyone’s life in danger, they could stay at a safe distance, armed and ready to barge in if something happens to me.

“I can’t express how much this means to me, but I promise to keep the three of you out of harm’s way,” I respond.

Everyone joins around the table, and we come up with a plan. It’ll be risky and is likely to fail, but we’re left with no options. If I decide to do nothing and allow these freaks to kill my father, who’s to say they won’t target more of my people. No matter what happens tonight, I have to give it my all.

I can’t help but feel like a nervous wreck as we gather supplies. There’s only so much we can carry, but I’m praying that a few guns will be sufficient. A part of me wishes I could torment these fuckers with something more fun than bullets, but I can’t risk getting caught up in the high of revenge.

“Whatever happens, I’ll be keeping a close eye on you,” Camila says, holding my hands.

“The only thing that’s going to happen is Bianca kicking some ass and saving her father. Right?” Jess asks, her eyes slowly releasing tears.

I bring my friends in for an embrace, allowing myself a moment to cry after everything that’s happened. There’s a possibility I won’t survive this . . . and if that happens, I instructed Camila to shut down the operation. Their safety is more important.

“I love you guys so much,” I whisper with tears flowing down my cheeks.

I take a moment to mentally capture their faces one last time, then leave with my team.

No matter what happens, at least I died trying.

THE UNSEEN

THREE EXCRUCIATING HOURS later and I finally arrive. For safety reasons, I placed my backup team in a location ten minutes away. If things go south, they'll hop in the car they drove in and try and rescue me. A dangerous plan, but it's something.

The moon's glow casts a dim light over the building. Besides the sounds of crickets, it's uncomfortably silent. There are no other cars in the area, which leaves me in a state of unease.

This definitely feels like a trap.

I make my way over to the rusted door and secure my mask. It's not like I must hide my identity anymore, but having something to conceal any signs of weakness is crucial.

Before I get the opportunity to open the door, someone opens it from the other side. Fear seeps inside my nervous system, and I desperately want to run when I come face-to-face with two masked men. Despite terror taking over my psyche, I stand my ground.

"Follow us," one of them states.

Their voice is concealed with a voice modulator that's installed within the clown disguise, giving off a deep and distorted tone. To match the Halloween-inspired attire, they're dressed in black jumpsuits.

Reluctantly, I step inside and follow. The other masked freak closes the door and sandwiches me in with his murder buddy. I'm guided through a narrow hallway and led up a flight of stairs. I clench and unclench my fists with every passing moment. Truthfully, I have no idea how I'm going to pull this off.

The monster stops in front of a metal door and gestures for me to step inside. I comply and find myself in a room that's all too familiar. While I've

never been here before, the space is a mirror copy to the backgrounds of snuff films.

Concrete walls, no windows, and dark liquid stains coat several spots. A television hangs to my right, and the only furniture here is a metal chair.

"Can one of you buffoons explain the meaning of this?" I ask.

I'd love to pretend I'm calm and collected, but since I'm trapped in a room with these men, I feel as if my fate is sealed, though having a gun secured under my sweater gives me enough confidence to push. I highly doubt they'll treat me with respect of any kind, so might as well match their energy.

"Someone will arrive shortly to discuss things. Why won't you have a seat," one of them states.

"I'll pass," I snap.

"Suit yourself," they respond.

I fucking hate the vulnerable position I've been thrown in. These two appear to be bodyguards with no real information. So . . . I have to wait for their boss.

I take a moment to scan the room. Camila said there should be cameras inside, and I'm praying she's watching me already. It's risky enough that I can't have Camila talking me through this. Even if I hid an earpiece behind my hair, the chances of them finding it could be detrimental to our plan.

Sure enough, a small camera is positioned in a corner, pointing directly at me. A red light beside the lens indicates it's recording. My muscles relax a bit, and I release a heavy breath, feeling somewhat optimistic.

As soon as the sliver of hope graces me, it evaporates once the door swings open. The presence of the person stepping inside is indescribable. Despite the white color of their jumpsuit, their energy is suffocating. I feel my body tense up as this man makes confident strides, closing the distance between us.

"Bianca," he says, the voice modulator deepening his tone. "I've been waiting a long time to finally do this."

His large physique blocks my view of the other guards long enough for them to sneak behind me. I don't react quick enough, and before I know it, my mask is ripped off and replaced with a moist rag.

I focus all my energy on fighting back, which doesn't help me in the slightest. Both guards have me secured as I breath in the toxic fumes. Regardless of my brain telling me it's over and I lost . . . I keep resisting.

With every passing second, my vision becomes hazy and my muscles relax. The screams I try to let out get lodged within my throat.

Camila . . . please tell me you're seeing this.

I can feel it. The corners of my vision darken, and they notice it too. The final thing I witness is their boss removing his mask.

I know him.

CUT FROM THE SAME CLOTH

DRIP.

Drip.

Drip.

Blood trickles out of my nose and adds to the small pool below me. My body is secured to the chair I saw earlier, and I'm forced to stare into my enemy. Somone I've known for far too long. A person who was a monster all along. Daniel.

He's spent the last thirty minutes beating my face in while his goons watched from the corner of the room. Tears flow down my cheeks due to pain and the unexpected betrayal. I have no idea what his plans are for me, but I know one thing for sure. I'm not leaving here alive.

"Now this is the family reunion that I've dreamt of having," Daniel says.

"Where is he?" I ask, irritation etched through my tone.

"Oh, come on. Aren't you glad to spend quality time with your brother?" Daniel asks. His cheeks pull back, displaying a sadistic grin. "I know Sophia did."

Through the stress and beatings I've endured already, I forgot that I'm dealing with Sophia's murders as well. Daniel's statement might as well have been a punch to the gut.

"I knew you were always sick in the head . . . but how could you?" I whisper.

There's no point in pretending I'm not affected by my brother's actions. Guilt settles itself within my psyche. Why the fuck did I not see how mentally disturbed Daniel truly is? I practically shoved my friend into the arms of a predator.

"I'm the sick one?" Daniel scoffs and leans in on his chair. "I've been keeping a close eye on you. Watching these livestreams you star in. We're

one in the same, little sis. You should take pride in that."

"I'm nothing like you," I hiss.

Daniel stands and peers down at me. Despite every ounce of my body screaming at me to keep my head down, I maintain eye contact. The fucker looks amused. Daniel has always found comfort in causing people to squirm, but I refuse to crumble.

"I think I can prove you wrong," he says.

Daniel's gaze doesn't stray as he unbuttons his jumpsuit. The methodical yet slow way he goes about undressing causes my anxiety to spike.

What the fuck is he doing?

I break eye contact and stare into the security camera behind him. My emotions erupt . . . something tells me that whatever Daniel is planning to do, I won't mentally survive. That is, if my back up team doesn't break in soon.

Daniel traces my line of sight and bursts out laughing.

"If you think that pathetic team of yours is coming to save you, think again." Daniel grins. "My crew handled them shortly after you left."

No . . .

Daniel slaps my cheek; the contact causes my face to snap to the side. The stinging sensation spreads like wildfire, and I hiss.

"Undress her," my brother commands the two guards in the room.

"What the fuck are you doing!?" I shriek, sinking further back into the chair.

"Proving you wrong . . . and providing a show to *my viewers*," Daniel retorts.

The masked men make quick work with cutting my sweater off. The knives they're using dig into my skin, allowing blood to ooze out. In a matter of seconds, I'm fully exposed. I don't hear the clatter of my gun falling, which means they already confiscated it. The cold temperature from outside has found its way into the room. My body tenses as the frigid air coats the top layer of skin.

"My, my. Look at how excited you've made me," Daniel says.

Everything is happening so fucking fast that I didn't register my brother's naked body. And to make matters worse, the sick fuck is hard.

"Daniel!" I scream. "I'm your sister! Why the hell would you do this?"

Daniel chuckles. A sound like that is normally innocent, but all it's doing is causing my stomach to churn. There is no way my own brother is about

to assault me like this. While I'm not religious, I'm fucking praying to anything or anyone to save me from this traumatizing situation.

"Oh, come on, Bianca. Don't pretend you've never thought about this before. I'm sure you're dripping wet for me already," Daniel says.

I'm not even given a moment to protest. Daniel wraps his hand around my throat while the other invades my private area. Daniel doesn't stop when his fingers struggle to get inside. He doesn't quit when my inner walls resist any sort of friction due to how dry I am. My brother doesn't fucking stop.

I wish I was strong enough to conceal my emotions, but at this moment, I'm weeping. This only intensifies his brutality. Because sick men like Daniel get off on women not having a say.

"All this crying is making me wish I did this sooner." Daniel smirks, practically punching my insides. "You'll get wet for me soon enough."

I don't respond. What the hell can I say in a situation like this? If I fight back, it will end up biting me in the ass later on. So . . . I focus all my energy on mentally removing myself from being raped. Any memory or safe space within my crumbling psyche will be better than the living nightmare I've found myself in.

Daniel catches me off guard by releasing my throat. It takes several moments to catch my breath from the lack of oxygen. Though I'm only graced with seconds to recompose. His monstrous pals cut the bindings keeping me tethered to the chair, only to secure my arms behind my back once I'm standing.

My brother hoists me up to his chest, giving the fucker perfect access to my entrance. One of his guards places a hand on my back so I don't fall over. Daniel wastes no time in thrusting inside my walls. I scream. The agonizing pain of his cock tearing me from within isn't the only thing causing me to suffer.

The fact that I grew up with Daniel and tried my best to maintain a healthy relationship . . . it was all for nothing. Why didn't I see through the mask all this time?

"Either you're finally accepting how badly you wanted me or the friction is causing you to bleed," Daniel says, his gaze narrowing. "Regardless, it's our pleasure that matters. Not yours."

Ours?

Something penetrates my backside. My eyes bulge before I let out a blood-curdling scream. There is no mistaking that this foreign object *isn't* the guard's cock.

Whatever instrument their using, it's sharp, painfully so. Parts of my flesh rip with ease as he crams the thing inside my ass. I can't fucking handle this mixture of mental and physical trauma any longer. Shamefully, my bowels release. Not only am I embarrassed, but the toxic waste allows the rape device to pump easier.

"I thought it would be fair to give you a taste of your own medicine," Daniel says through labored breaths.

"What are you talking about?" I manage to ask.

"Don't play stupid. I saw what you did to that poor man and his friend," Daniel snaps.

Every muscle in my body aches. All I want is to fucking die at this point. I rest my head on Daniel's shoulder and cry. There is no happy place I can mentally take myself to. The brutalization of my body keeps me locked in this grim reality.

"Just fucking kill me," I plead.

Daniel's only response is to laugh. There isn't an ounce of humanity within him. What a sick turn of events I've found myself in. Even though I have no chance of surviving this, I just hope my friends are safe. I want them to distance themselves from this life we have created together and find happiness doing something else. Though I fear they'll do anything in their power to seek revenge. Which means I'll be responsible for killing all of us . . .

In the distance, I hear muffled shouting and people running around. There is a sense of urgency, but with every thrust being forced upon me, it's hard to understand what is being said.

"Go check that out. Right now!" Daniel barks to his guards.

The object that destroyed my asshole is swiftly removed, allowing a mixture of shit and blood to pour out. Despite something happening on the lower levels, Daniel continues raping me.

"Don't worry sweetheart," Daniel coos. "The situation is being handled, and I'll have you all to myself for a very long time."

His statement is enough to jumpstart my survival instincts. There's no way in Hell I'll be my brother's sex slave. Throughout my torment, I accepted that death would come soon enough. It was a welcoming feeling.

A permanent dirt nap is far more appealing than being at the mercy of Daniel.

A surge of adrenaline rushes through me, and I smash my head onto Daniel's. The impact causes Daniel to stumble back and release me in the process. All the torture they put me through numbed the pain on my forehead and gives me enough time to stabilize myself.

Gunshots rip through the air outside of this room. The sound is distressing enough to slow Daniel's movements. His gaze bounces between me and the closed door.

"Don't make any stupid decisions. And stay here," Daniel orders, frantically putting his clothes back on.

Whatever is happening outside, it sounds like a bloodbath. It's as if bodies are dropping like flies. Daniel takes a final glance my way and opens the door. The sight before him catches both of us off guard.

A gun is aimed at Daniel's temple . . . but the person holding it is wearing an all too familiar mask. The same neon pink one I use.

MENTAL NUMBNESS

A NEEDLE IS injected into Daniel's neck. Whatever substance his body is consuming causes my brother to stumble backwards.

"What the fuc—" Daniel's words are silenced as he stumbles to the ground.

Once the monster is unconscious, the room is flooded with people wearing the same mask. My team.

"Holy fuck. Bianca, are you okay?" one of them asks.

I don't respond. Words can't express how not okay I am. Everyone begins to remove their mask, and familiar faces make their appearance. Jess and Camila are here . . .

They came for me.

"Jess, she needs medical assistance. Now!" Camila demands, her watery eyes pinned to the fluids leaking out of my intimate parts.

Jess wastes no time in guiding me to the ground. I'm rolled over to my stomach, and she begins rummaging through a backpack they brought.

"Everyone else, search the building for anyone we might have missed and gather supplies," Camila states, rage coating her tone. "Stay in groups!"

They do as they're told and leave the three of us alone, alongside my brother. I wince and clench my jaw as Jess cleans up the damage that was done. The adrenaline from before quickly evaporates, welcoming in pain.

"Fuck!" Camila shouts, kicking over the chair I was in. "I'm so sorry we didn't get here soon enough."

Camila bends down so we're facing each other. Her eyes scan my face, and the remaining pieces of my heart break. I desperately want to express how grateful I am that they saved me, but the words get lodged in my throat. Everything is happing so fucking fast, and I'm struggling to wrap my head around the situation.

Jesus fucking Christ . . . I've never felt so broken and vulnerable in my life.

"There's no need for that, Camila. We got here in time, and that's what matters," Jess responds.

In time . . . How long did my brother have his claws on me? It surely felt like an eternity. Out of everything Daniel could have done . . . why did it end up like this?

"You're right." Camila sighs. "I'm just surprised you didn't kill that motherfucker."

"Trust me, I wish I did. But I think Bianca deserves to decide when he dies," Jess responds.

Decide when he dies? The only thing I want to do is disappear. Daniel stripped me bare, beat me, and raped me in the worst way imaginable. And to think Sophia endured worse by the hands of someone she loved . . .

"Bianca, sweetie. Please say something," Camila says, raising my chin.

"I—"

"The only thing my sister is thinking about right now is how badly she wants me to fill her up," Daniel interrupts from the corner of the room.

It takes mere seconds for Camila to walk over and kick him in the chest. The blow must have been painful since Daniel struggles to breathe afterwards.

"Keep talking, asshole. It's only adding to the timer of how long you'll suffer," Camila snaps, aiming a gun at his head.

"Damnit, I thought I gave him enough to be out for a while," Jess whispers.

Once Jess finishes cleaning and stitching me up, I'm guided to my feet. Thankfully, they brought spare clothes, and I get dressed.

When my gaze locks onto Daniel, something clicks. I may be struggling to come to terms with what just happened, but I'll be damned if I don't give this piece of shit the ending he deserves.

"I'm glad you're patched up." Daniel laughs. "I'm ready to go again. Those holes belong to me, little sis."

"Shut the fuck u—"

I place a hand on Camila's shoulder, interrupting her words. A sense of calmness settles over me, causing me to slow down and handle this situation properly. Normally, I'm eager to torture and murder men like Daniel. But no . . . this requires something a bit more sinister.

“You better get comfortable; we have a long night ahead of us,” I tell him.

Daniel’s cocky expression slips, giving me a glimpse of fear behind the facade. I slowly make my way over to Jess and quietly ask her to inject him again. We need enough time to transfer his body somewhere else. An area with more space for me to work.

The sound of footsteps approaching grabs my attention. Our team is back. Their presence serves as the perfect distraction for Jess to apply another dose to Daniel.

“We found the room where Sophia was . . . consumed,” one of them states.

“Perfect, we’ll take him there,” I respond.

With Daniel unconscious, two of our team members begin dragging the fucker out of the room and to his final resting place. Camila, Jess, and I follow behind, their guns aimed at him, just in case he wakes up.

DINNER FOR ONE

DANIEL'S NAKED BODY is tightly secured on top of the large wooden dining table. These sick fucks had restraints installed to keep victims bound while they ate them alive or after they'd been raped and tortured to death. The piece of furniture is massive, capable of seating twenty people.

After I was patched up, our team gave us the rundown of everything they found within this fortress. There's a reason why we couldn't track them down. From the outside, the building was meant to display an appearance of being abandoned. But within these walls is a completely different story.

Each room serves a purpose. Several were dedicated to filming snuff films, others were for their team of hackers, as well as storage rooms full of torture devices, sleeping quarters, full kitchen, a medical room that resembles ones within a hospital, and a space dedicated for newborns.

The final piece of information they waited to tell me was soul shattering. Despite all of Daniel's men being dead, there was someone else who died before they arrived. My father.

I'm struggling to wrap my head around this. After everything that's happened, my brain can't pick what part of tonight is worse. The fact that both of my parents are dead or that Daniel raped me. In the end, my brother is the source of evil here.

While I can't feel much due to my psyche trying to protect itself, there is something I desperately *need* to do. Whatever emotional turmoil that will follow after this is an issue for another day.

I informed Jess of what I plan to do to Daniel. It's quite ambitious, but with the help of her team of nurses, she said it's possible. They're finally making their way back after gathering all the supplies needed from the medical room.

I place myself at the end of the table, facing my team as they patiently wait for what comes next.

"Before we get started, I want to thank all of you for risking your lives today," I begin. There's something different about the way I'm speaking. The usual excitement or rage is replaced with a cold and detached tone. "While it pains me to know that three of our members died today due to my ignorance, I'll do whatever I can to keep my word on keeping everyone safe."

"Bianca, please don't feel guilty for what they starte—"

The glare I shoot Camila stops her from speaking. For a moment, I feel something besides the numbness coursing through my body. Shame. Camila breaks eye contact, and I focus back on what I was saying. Despite everyone here silently expressing the same sentiment Camila was trying to state, there's nothing anyone can say to rip me from the black hole I've found myself in.

"You all have witnessed some gruesome acts while being in this field, but tonight is different. If, at any moment, things become too unbearable, please feel free to remove yourself from this room. I don't want to inflict any more damage," I say.

The silence that follows is confirmation enough. Jess nods at me, letting me know Daniel is ready to go. He's currently hooked to several medical devices pumping blood and fluids to keep him alive. Since I plan to brutalize my brother in a fashion I've never done before, he'll need to be conscious enough to feel everything I *need* to do.

After some time, Daniel begins to wake.

"Masks on, everyone," I say.

A sense of pride washes over me as I take in the neon glow of everyone's mask. After everything that's happened, my team continuously decides to stick by my side. Not only that, but this proves our care for women's safety and the safety of others against these freaks is truly important.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Daniel groans, tugging at the restraints.

Thanks to his rapist friends, that are now dead, these bindings were constructed to hold down even a man like him.

"Providing a show," I respond, inching closer to him.

Though this won't actually be filmed, and Camila shut down all the cameras within the building. This is a private showing. We have all endured

too much due to Daniel, so the least I can do is provide a semblance of justice.

Daniel's previous calm demeanor is no longer with us. He thrashes about while hurling insults at everyone eagerly watching him.

Jess hands me a scalpel, and I get to work by slicing down Daniel's torso. Blood oozes out of the wound and gore parts on both ends of the opening. Today is a test of how careful I can be without killing too soon. It's not a skill I'm particularly versed in, but I might as well start now.

If the incision hurt my brother, he's hiding it well.

No worries. Even his group of murders haven't attempted this yet.

I continue cutting through layers of muscle and tissue and finally reach my first blockage. The ribcage. By this point, Daniel's jaw is clenched, desperately trying to hold in screams of agony.

Jess and one of our team members apply a tool on both sides of Daniel's torso to further part the wound. Gore flows out in a steady stream, staining the table and intensifying my motives. The tugging of skin as the metal device digs deep inside Daniel's insides is his undoing. An ear-piercing scream rips through the air.

What a gorgeous melody.

"I-if you kil-kill me, you'll los-lose Dad forever," Daniel says through pained breaths.

I replace the scalpel with a miniature saw, turning it on just to see Daniel's reaction. He flinches and miserably attempts to distance himself.

"I'm not a fucking idiot. I know you killed him already. The man that did everything to make you happy is now lying in a pool of his own blood," I respond.

Pathetic tears of self-pity begin to flow down Daniel's cheeks, but I haven't given him enough reason to cry yet. I place the rapid-moving blade onto the section protecting Daniel's heart and apply pressure. Crimson splatters everywhere. From my peripheral view, I see Daniel go unconscious.

"We're losing him, Jess," I state, retracting the saw.

"On it," Jess responds.

She retrieves a needle and plunges it onto Daniel's thigh. The adrenaline flowing throughout Daniel's body jerks him awake. His lashes flutter while frantically searching his surroundings. The realization that he's still in this nightmare dawns on him, and the fucker continues to weep.

“Anytime you pass out, Jess will bring you back to reality. There’s no escaping this, Daniel,” I say, and go back to cutting open his ribcage. “If you could do the honors of removing that vile thing, Jess.”

While I slowly make progress at clearing a path to the muscle that’s providing life, Jess gets to work on severing Daniel’s dick. Despite Daniel being forced onto death’s doorstep soon, I want my brother to feel the pain of losing something he used for evil.

I don’t even need to see when Jess begins cutting because Daniel lets me know immediately. His eyes bulge, displaying tiny red veins coursing throughout the sclera. I find a soothing rhythm between the saw scraping against bone and Daniel’s screams.

You should have killed me, Daniel. But your stupid man brain wanted more than I’m comfortable with. When I wished for death, you promised something far more terrifying. And now, I’ll never be the same.

“I should have killed you when we were kids . . . I’ve always wanted to purify this earth from parasites like you. Women are only good for one thing . . . serving the stronger sex,” Daniel states.

He’s coherent enough to spew bullshit, which means Jess is done.

“What was that?” I ask, turning off the saw. “I couldn’t hear you with that dick inside your mouth.”

Daniel’s brow furrows, and he parts his lips to speak again. Jess takes this as the perfect moment to cram his flaccid cock inside his mouth. To secure the vile thing inside, one of my team members swiftly staples his lips shut with a staple gun.

I’ve cut a large enough portion of Daniel’s ribcage by now to easily remove the barrier. His heart comes into clear view, pumping at an accelerated rate. The motherfucker better be alive for what comes next.

I replace the saw with the scalpel and evenly cut a small portion of the muscle. The muffled screams coming out of Daniel don’t stop me as I eye the atrocious thing. The gore pouring out of my brother doesn’t stop me when I lay a piece of his heart onto my tongue. Nothing is holding me back as the gamey vital organ slithers down my throat.

Daniel can’t seem to handle the visuals alongside the excruciating pain of being alive during all of this. Once again, he loses consciousness.

“Should I bring him back?” Jess asks?

Even with the mask covering her expression, I can feel the apprehension and fear pouring out. I’m sure it has nothing to do with Daniel’s condition

but is solely due to the action she and everyone else witnessed.

"Yes," I respond after I've cleared my esophagus.

Daniel springs back to the current predicament he's found himself in, and I repeat the process. I'm positive the taste of an uncooked organ should be vile. So much so that my body would be working overtime to expel the contents. But I feel and taste nothing . . .

By the fourth time Jess tries to wake Daniel, his eyes roll back. My brother couldn't last any longer.

Fucking weak bitch.

"Everyone, leave . . . go home," I say through clenched teeth.

"Bianca, we're here for you. There's no need to be here alone," Camila says, placing a hand on my shoulder.

I remove my mask, and everyone does as well. There's a haunted looked within Camila's eyes. I've already put them through too much, and I would feel more comfortable if they got some rest.

"I'll be fine. Please, leave me to do this on my own," I respond.

Camila searches my face; the pained expression she's displaying is too much to handle right now.

"Okay," Camila reluctantly states. "I can't thank all of you enough for your bravery today. Go home and rest. The office will be closed until further notice."

I take a moment to say my goodbyes. The room feels lighter with them gone. With every passing second of Daniel's torture, I felt this heaviness weighing me down. It was too unbearable. The last thing my psyche needs is more guilt from the decisions I've made. Truthfully, if everyone up and quit after tonight, I wouldn't blame them. This is my fault, anyways.

I force myself to focus on the corpse before me. A metallic smell permeates the air thanks to the copious amounts of blood his worthless body dispelled. Just because Daniel is dead doesn't mean I'm not finishing what I started. Sophia was consumed on this table by him and other sick individuals, so I'll grace him with the same fate. Unfortunately, I can't eat an entire man by myself, nor do I want to. It's Daniel's heart that I'm after.

He snatched someone so important to me and devoured her. Despite the soulless monster being dead, I spend the next hour eating away his vital organ. Gore explodes inside my mouth with every bite. Instead of cutting away small pieces, I ripped the entire thing out and sink my teeth in. I pull

and tear apart the muscle until every last bit is flowing through my digestive system.

There's something seriously wrong with me.

I've finished what I set out to do. But why do I want more? Goosebumps scatter throughout my skin as I glance down to the empty chest cavity. There's this indescribable tug-of-war happening within my head. Eventually, I settle on what feels *right*.

My fingertips trace the bumps and ridges of Daniel's intestines. I wrap my hand around a soft and squishy muscular tube, pulling out enough to bite into.

What the fuck am I doing?

Am I doing this to punish myself for getting members of my team killed? Or because my father is dead? I rape and torture people because *I* tell myself they're evil. And the fact that my brother raped me, mere hours ago . . . I convinced myself the only logical thing to do was to eat the bastard.

Maybe I'm searching for my sanity within his body, because the longer I stay here, consuming my brother . . . the louder Daniel's words ring within my head.

"We're one in the same, little sis. You should take pride in that."

AFTERCARE

I STUMBLE MY way inside my house. The morning sun peeks from behind the closed curtains, and my eyes strain due to the light. My body is screaming at me to pass the fuck out after everything. I'm running on fumes, but my thoughts keep my nervous system firing on all cylinders.

I've only been home for a few moments when I hear shuffling coming from somewhere inside. Thankfully, I'm awake enough to kill someone else if need be. I tiptoe to my kitchen and grab a butcher knife. My grip tightens around the cool wood of the handle as I make my way to the intruders.

"I'm really concerned about her, Camila," a familiar voice says.

Tension rolls off my body once I open the door to my bedroom. It's Camila and Jess. The curtains of my room have been pulled back, allowing the sun's warm glow to cast over my best friends. As soon as they take in my appearance, they rush to me with tears flowing down their cheeks.

"Thank fuck you're okay, amiga," Camila says, carefully plucking the knife out of my grip.

My chest tightens, sending a dulling pain throughout my body. Even though I feel this need to be alone, I'm grateful to see familiar faces. Though that wave of happiness is quickly replaced with the guilt of my actions. All the horrendous things I forced them to witne—

"Bianca, let's get you cleaned up," Jess states, pulling me out of my thoughts while tugging me to the bathroom.

I yank my hand out of her grip. It wasn't meant to be so forceful, but the physical contact unintentionally made me feel something unpleasant.

"You two need to go home," I manage to say.

I don't recognize my own detached tone. But one thing is for sure . . . I'm mentally ripping at the seams, and the last thing I want to do is cause any further damage.

“Excuse me?” Jess questions, a sharpness to her words.

“Just go home. I’ve ruined too many lives already. And I’m sure most of the women working for us will want to quit. We might as well pull the plug on our operation,” I respond.

Without a moment to process what I said, Jess slaps me across the face. I take a step back and caress my cheek, speechless at the sudden hostility. Camila’s eyes widen as she covers her mouth.

“I’m sorry for hitting you, but are you hearing the bullshit coming out of your mouth?” Jess snaps, her expression softening a bit. “No one wants to quit, and I’m sorry, but we aren’t leaving you alone after everything that’s happened. We aren’t going to force you to discuss what happened, but I’ll be damned if you believe you’re going to deal with this on your own.”

Jess’s words hit me like a truck. The fact that I allowed myself to believe this scenario that everyone will abandon me is uncharacteristic.

“Thank you,” I whisper.

It’s the only thing I can manage to say. My brain couldn’t handle the trauma I endured and forced me into a pit of self-destructive thoughts. If it wasn’t for my best friends . . . who knows how long it would have taken to claw my way back to reality? If ever.

“Let’s get you cleaned up,” Camila states.

I’m led into my bathroom. As Jess turns on the steamy shower, Camila lights a few candles. I catch sight of my appearance in the mirror.

Jesus fucking Christ.

Gore and pieces of Daniel cling onto me like a second skin. My brown hair is tainted in a red sheen, clumping together in a disorderly mess.

Who is this person?

How did I let things get this bad? Sure, I have a questionable way of handling sick individuals. But cannibalism? I guess I’ll have to address this with our in-house therapist, because surely, I have some shit to unpack.

“Come on, sweetie,” Jess says, smiling at me through the reflection. “While I love your murderous vibes, this look isn’t suiting you.”

A laugh escapes my lips. Leave it to these two to always find a way of cheering me up, regardless of the situation.

Once I undress, Jess grabs my clothes, tosses them in the trash. I situate myself under the water, letting my head sag for a moment. Despite a lapse of judgment fueled by Daniel’s actions, I refuse to let this eat me alive. And

to be fair, even if I slip, my friends will be there to bitch slap me back to reality.

After scrubbing the filth off my body, I dress in something cozy. The adrenaline that kept me awake all this time dissipates, and I barely manage to crawl in bed. I allow the warmth of my comforter to sink in, and it becomes increasingly difficult to keep my eyes open.

"We'll be in the spare room if you need us," Camila says as they head to the door.

The thought of being left alone causes my muscles to tense up. A few hours ago, all I wanted was to isolate myself. To sulk in self-pity. Memories of Daniel assaulting me floods my psyche.

No, no, no . . .

The backs of my eyes burn. It's too unbearable.

"My, my. Look at how excited you've made me."

I can't breathe . . . I can—

A soft caress on my shoulder reels me back to the present. Camila and Jess have found their way in my bed, sandwiching me in. I didn't even have to say anything . . . my silence was enough for my friends to understand that I need them.

"We'll be here as long as you need us," Camila says.

"No matter what," Jess adds.

I give myself grace in crying and expressing all the hurt I've endured. Though, with my friends at my side, I might just be able to survive this.

RECOVERY

Four Months Later

WAS IT SILLY of me to believe I would be mentally capable to go back to work like nothing happened? Maybe, but that didn't end up being the case. No matter how hard I tried to fight the raging storm within my psyche, I wasn't ready.

After everything that happened with Daniel, I was plagued with night terrors for a month. Camila and Jess took turns spending time with me throughout the day, making sure I was never alone. Thanks to their companionship and weekly therapy sessions, I started seeing progress.

The issue with those small victories came with this desperate need to get back to work, though my best friends forbid me from stepping foot inside our headquarters. My thoughts ran rampant with fears of me not being able to contribute. I would get random spurts of panic attacks that my team would struggle without me. Talk about an inflated ego . . .

Thankfully, during my leave of absence, Camila and Jess started hiring and training our staff to fill the role I played. What used to be a one-woman operation has now flourished. There are fifteen women who excel within this position. Each of them with their own quirks on dealing with predators. And to insure everyone's safety, no one is allowed to work alone.

I knew that our lovely staff didn't mind the brutality of this line of work, but I was pleasantly surprised in how many of them were eager to get their hands bloody. My fears and selfish needs to handle everything on my own were completely unnecessary.

While I've found importance in healing and taking care of my mental health, I feel like my time to return to work is nearing. My therapist also agreed with this when I brought it up in our last session.

My days are filled with more optimism, and I've found myself frequenting the gym again. As much as I'd like to credit myself for being hopeful and keeping my spirits high, I wouldn't have made this much progress without Camila and Jess. Not only are they running the organization smoothly and more efficiently, but there also hasn't been a day where I felt alone in all of this.

This world is a scary place, with monsters prowling around, waiting for a moment to strike and forever change the brain chemistry of someone because of a single action . . . That's terrifying enough. But having to deal with a life-altering moment like that on your own is beyond me. My heart goes out to anyone who finds themselves in that situation.

And this is the reason why I do what I do. I'm not superwoman, but the least I can do is provide a loving and supportive environment to anyone who's suffering alone. We live in a society that protects men who rape and brutalize others. I've also seen my fair share of women who participate in this vile crime as well, and they aren't safe in my presence.

I amble over to my reading chair and snuggle up under a blanket. Just because I'm not working doesn't mean I can't plan for the future. I open the book I've been reading for the past few days and grin. It's incredible how these extreme horror stories provide me with new methods of torture.

BUSINESS AS USUAL

Three Months Later

CLASSICAL MUSIC SPREADS its beautiful melody throughout the room. A stark contrast from the ear-piercing screams emitting from our three victims. Today, I have the pleasure of working with three ladies on my team. Mia, Lora, and Isabella. I must admit, their craftsmanship is incredible. Mia and Lora are tag teaming a rapist that tried to lure a little girl through social media. Unfortunately for him, the fucker was talking to one of our staff members back at headquarters. This piece of shit thought it would be a great idea to bring his buddies along.

Each of them is in a different stage of torment. Mia and Lora got bored of peeling layers off the dick of the goofy-looking motherfucker and are now forcing him to swallow back the excrement his body refused to hold in.

Isabella is more patient with the man strapped to a wooden spinning wheel. Thankfully, no child will fall victim to these imbeciles and end up on this ancient torture device. As the asshole spins, Isabella hovers an electric knife over his body. With every rotation, new wounds appear and blood gushes out. Isabella's methodical way of dragging out someone's murder is a bit scary, but at least she's on our side.

Despite my team's eagerness to inflict harm onto vile creatures that plague this Earth, they're all sweethearts. It took me a moment to mentally adjust back into this lifestyle. Anytime I felt a surge of anxiety, one of them would stop what they were doing to make sure I was okay. It warms my heart to know I'm surrounded by caring women—even though we have an ongoing competition of most creative forms of torture.

"It doesn't matter what you do to me, bitch," the fucker in front of me snarls. "There's nothing I haven't seen before. You're all a bunch of

amateurs."

I bend down so we're at eye level. Our disgusting rapist here is tethered to the concreate floor and wall. His knees are bent, prayer style, while his back is flush against a gore-covered barrier.

"Is that so?" I ask.

"Just let me out of these restraints and I'll show you how it's done," he says.

What a cocky son of a bitch. Thankfully, all the time I've spent reading has provided me with some valuable information. And something tells me that he'll be weeping here soon.

"How about this," I say, grinning behind my mask. "Since you're such a tough guy, you'll be able to handle what I have planned for you. If you can withstand the pain without crying, I'll cut you free."

There's a momentary slip of confidence within his expression. Obviously, I would never let him free, but an egotistical asshole like him should accept the challenge.

"Okay . . . " he draws out after contemplating for a moment. "Good luck, princess, you'll need it."

Fucking gross.

If I wasn't so determined to prove him wrong, I would have kicked the douchebag in the balls for calling me that.

I amble over to the table that's stocked with numerous items that can surely hurt anyone if used properly. Since I'm feeling feisty, I pick up a bottle of super glue, garden scissors, and a strap-on harness with no attachment. The nervous energy seeping out of him as I make my way back is humorous.

"Ready?" I tease.

His decision to keep a cool demeanor during this is admirable.

With gloves on, I wrap my hand around the tip of his flaccid penis and tug enough to reach the base with the scissors. His chest rises and falls at an alarming rate, and just when he's about to protest, I close the blades.

"Fuck!" the bastard shrieks.

Gore oozes out on both sides, but unfortunately, his dick is partially intact. Despite the excruciating pain he must be feeling, there are no signs of tears. Yet.

"So close! Let's try again, shall we?" I ask.

"I'm much stronger than you think, cun—"

Snip.

A bloodcurdling scream rips through the air, and the sorry excuse of a cock is severed. Success! Not only was I able to swiftly remove the vile thing, but crybaby tears flow down his cheeks.

"Aww, you poor thing. I guess you aren't this big, strong man," I coo.

As the toddler-man spews insults in between screams of agony, I apply glue to the severed base of his floppy member. Once his dick is tightly latched onto the strap-on, I turn to face him. The snot bubbles protruding out of the bitch's nose are disgusting. His face resembles a cherry popsicle with all that useless yelling.

"Hey, can you do me a favor?" I ask, hovering the strap-on near his face. "Shut the fuck up and take this dick like a good little rapist."

The End

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Luana is a horror fanatic to the core. As a kid, she wasn't allowed to watch anything related to horror due to the strict religious beliefs instilled by her parents. Regardless, Luana's passion for horror grew while watching scary movies in secret. Within the genre, she has found healing for her past traumas, and writes stories to hopefully help others dealing with all the difficulties life throws at them.

When she's not reading or writing, Luana plays video games. She's an animal lover and will always see her fur babies as her own children